

NOV 23 1969
YOUTH

NOVEMBER 23/69

THE SKATER
THE SLOOP
MYSELF . . .
AND THE
HONEYMOON
IS OVER



GABRIELE: "For this I have trained 13 years now—four, five, sometimes six hours a day . . ."

BY NANCY BURDEN / German efficiency and punctuality are legend and Gabriele "Gaby" Seyfert, the new 20-year-old World Figure Skating Champion from East Germany was not about to dispel the legend.

Our appointment was for 5 p.m. and, on the stroke, Miss Seyfert appeared. The elevator door opened in the hotel lobby and she stepped out, her hand extended.

She was somewhat of a surprise—shorter than her photographs showed, more sophisticated, and very much prettier. Nearly five feet four inches tall, she had a slim, rounded figure and shapely-sturdy legs. Her eyes were startlingly blue. Her nose turned up ("like Sonja Heine's" she was to tell me later). Her short, ash blonde hair was frosted and tossed a little like a salad. Hers was a wholesome glamour.

But, what struck me most was her springy, determined step. On the ice, the world's new skating queen leaps, glides, spins, and waltzes. When she walks, she spins.

She appeared very much in charge of herself. And she was, as I was to find out in an interview in her hotel room. It was a conversation that was to take as many turns as the school figures that helped her win the 1969 women's singles world title at competitions this past February in Colorado Springs, Colo.

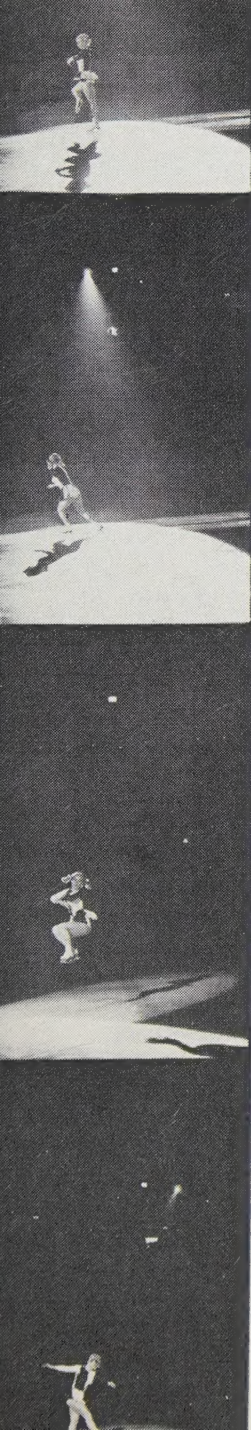
We started with skating. How

did you feel when you heard you had won the world title? And what did you say? I asked.

"I think I said nothing," she said. "It was too big. I couldn't tell about it at first. Later when I had some rest, I could realize what it meant. Being world champion has always been the end for me. For this, I have trained 13 years now—four, five, sometimes six hours a day with only a little dropping off during the summer. I would go to school until noon and then I would skate all afternoon, sometimes as late as seven in the evening. For a long time in the winter I would skate at an outdoor rink at home. In the summer I went to an indoor rink in Berlin. But lately I can skate all year around in my hometown because we have an indoor rink now."

Gabriele Seyfert said this proudly because she is very proud of the German Democratic Republic, "East Germany" as it is called in this country. Almost everyone in East Germany skates, so it was strange that Miss Seyfert first got on skates at age four. Not everyone, however, starts seriously training at age seven, as she did.

Miss Seyfert's inspiration was more than the thrill of blade cutting ice. It was her youthful-looking mother, Utta, a former second place winner in East German competitions who has been, and still is, her coach. Many young American



WORLD FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP



wouldn't want their mothers as trainers, but Miss Seyfert is delighted that her mother is hers.

"It is nice to have your mother as your trainer," she said, sounding a little girlish for a moment. "She always knows when you are tired and have had enough and when you get home she makes sure that you get to bed when you should."

Mrs. Seyfert had been traveling with Gabriele on the month-long exhibition tour of world and national titlists to 15 American cities, but she wasn't present at our interview and evidently didn't interfere in her daughter's off-rink hours. Miss Seyfert dated while on the tour, and among her dates were young American men.

One American she dated was a non-skater on the tour staff. He found her "sweet, not impressed with her own importance, more grown up than American girls her age.

"Gaby says what's on her mind, too," he added. "She told me she finds that most American men are insincere. She said, 'They say all kinds of things and soon forget them.'" The young man thought none the less of her, however, for her opinion.

"I know she had a good time and wants to come back," he said.

Miss Seyfert told me that she has no plans to marry at the moment, but that she has a special boyfriend at home. ▶

Youth

Volume 20
Number 21

November 23, 1969

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Secretary: Jane Popp
Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race
St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An Horizons edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren
YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

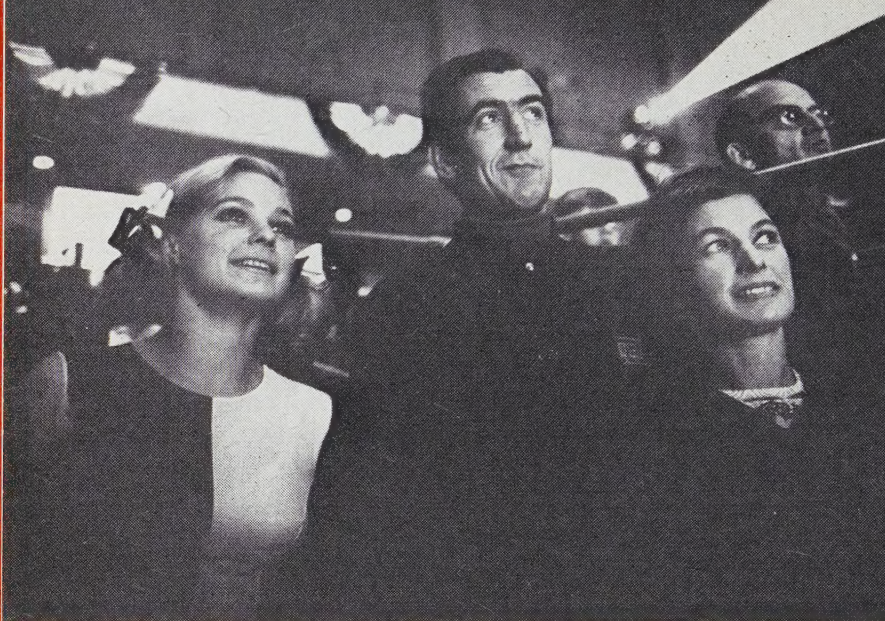
YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The Horizons Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Board — Church of the Brethren.

Publication office:
1720 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103.
Second class postage paid
at Philadelphia, Pa.,
and at additional mail-
ing offices. Accepted for
mailing at a special rate
of postage, provided for
in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, auth-
orized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates:
Single subscriptions, \$3.00
a year. Group rates, three
or more to one address,
\$2.40 each. Single cop-
ies, 25 cents each, double
issues, 50 cents.

Subscription offices:
United Church of Christ:
Division of Publication,
United Church Board
for Homeland Minis-
tries, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.
Episcopal Church: Cir-
culation Department
Youth magazine, Room
310, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.
Church of the Brethren:
The General Board, 1451
Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill.
60120.

Gabriele and two other skaters watch the competition as they await their turn on the



How did you feel when you won the world title?
"I couldn't think about it at first. It was too big."

"There is my boyfriend," she said, and pointed to a picture on her bedside table of a smiling, sandy-haired young man in shirtsleeves. "He is Eberhard Ruger. He is 24 and is a skating dancer who is studying to be a newspaperman. He placed sixth in the world competitions for East Germany.

"I am a better skater," she observed.

Many world champions from Sonja Henie to Peggy Fleming have translated their skating talents into big money via nice, fat ice show contracts, TV appearances, and movies. This is not in Miss Seyfert's program—not at the moment anyway.

"If I did that, I must leave my country," she said. "It would not be fair. They paid for me all this time. This is my home.

"Besides, I don't like show skating so much. I like to skate, but this is not skating. This is show and not as interesting as competition. When you skate in shows you only have to smile." To illustrate, she flashed a bright, ice-show smile and then giggled at her own illustration.

And, indeed, Miss Seyfert's plans sounded more athletic than all-star.

"In September I will go to the University at Leipzig to study to be a skating coach," she said. "It will take me two years. This is different from your country where you can stop skating and then start right in coaching." She said that when she arrived home she still had to take

her final examinations for completion of studies from the gymnasium (German academic high school).

Although she has been skating royalty for several years—three times European champion and a silver medalist at the 1968 Olympic games—her home is not a palace. Nevertheless, Miss Seyfert lighted up when she talked about the four-room-plus-kitchen apartment she shares with her mother and soccer coach father, Bringsied, on the eighth and top floor of an apartment house. She is an only child.

Her town is Karl-Marx-Stadt, known as Chemnitz in pre-Communist days. It is an industrial city. "You can see the mountains from our apartment and there is a little park below," she said, looking out her hotel room window across to other tall Philadelphia buildings.

Philadelphia, the site of our interview, was the eleventh city on her packed roster of 15. "We're almost at the end," she said, and didn't have to add that she was tired.

Miss Seyfert prefers her Communist country to the U. S. and its freedoms. She puffed up with pride everytime she mentioned "my country" and deflated a little everytime she said "your country." "Sometimes I think America is great and all, and sometimes I'm afraid of all these great things. It's too big, it's too difficult. This is not my life. I don't feel good here. I don't know why.

"I didn't meet many people, but

those I met I felt were just interested in me for business, for interviews. They did it not because they liked me, but to make money. You're not so important as a person here, you're only important when you're good and when you have a success."

I asked her to reserve opinion of Americans until she'd had a chance to meet us in our homes in a more leisurely fashion. But I was afraid that her whirlwind tour would offer no such chance.

An experience she and some other skaters had in New York City with some publicity people was one reason she felt the way she did. "They took us all day from 9 a.m. breakfast until 12 in the evening for a radio interview," she said. "They took us in a taxi there and left us. They didn't bring us back! It was one o'clock in the night and they didn't bring us back and we had spoken for an hour there!"

An American with the tour said that many of the Europeans, including Gabriele Seyfert, were perplexed by the effusiveness of Americans who told them on first meeting how "marvelous," how "wonderful," and how "great" they were. "They took this as insincerity," he said.

He, too, had tried to explain that this was just an American way of doing things.

Miss Seyfert was equally perplexed by America's attitude toward U. S. skating champions. She referred, in particular, to Timmy Wood, the then new men's world

figure skating champion, and friend of Miss Seyfert.

"When Timmy Wood comes Europe, everybody knows him," she said, "and when he comes America they say, 'Who is it?'"

"In my country," she said, "everyone was behind me. It was a good feeling. I don't know, maybe because it's too big here and there are too many things going on. Maybe this is your way and you don't really feel like this.

"I am very glad I came here, though," she said.

This was Miss Seyfert's third, by longest, visit to the U. S. She visited in Colorado the summer of 1964 for a show, and in 1965 competed in the world competition here, staying again in New York and Colorado.

Although she was thousands of miles from Europe, she was treated to a touch of home while in the City of Brotherly Love. Two nights before she was to skate in the show at Philadelphia's Spectrum, she was guest of honor at a dinner given by the *Vereinigung Erzgebirge*, a group of German-Americans living just outside Philadelphia. They hailed from the Ore Mountains, the past of East Germany where Miss Seyfert lives. Many of these people had fled during Hitler's time, but ironically, some had come to the U. S. to escape life under the Communist regime—the government that their pretty, young guest represented.

"But no one spoke politics," she

afraid of all these great things."

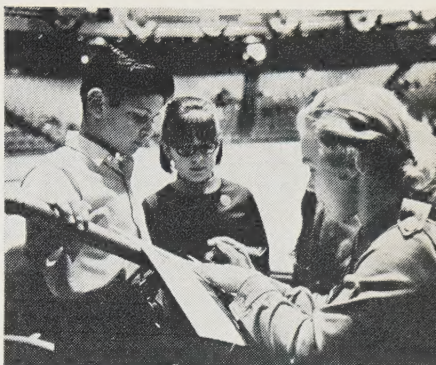
Ed Illgen, financial secretary of the club, "it was just a people-to-people evening. We did it for understanding and good will. We gave her an emblem of the club and our singing group sang some of the old songs from home, like *Feierabene Lied* (Sunset Song). I think Gaby felt as though she was home. She told us she had never had such a warm welcome."

Another happily-remembered experience in this country was her meeting in Los Angeles with Sonja Henie, the petite Norwegian-born skater who won the world title ten times and went on to become a movie queen in the 1940's. "I think I look like her," Miss Seyfert said, obviously delighted. "See," she said, turning sideways and pointing to her tilted nose, "my profile looks like hers. It is exactly the same!"

Miss Seyfert turned to other subjects:

East Germany's subsidy for its athletes—"When they see you have talent you get all the help you want. It is not like that in your country. I don't pay for anything, not my skates or boots or the place where I skate or anything. All I pay is membership dues in a sporting club. My mother and my father are not so rich that they could pay for all of my training. If I lived here, maybe I wouldn't be a world champion."

When I pointed out that America's Peggy Fleming wasn't rich but was able to win an Olympic gold medal and the world title last year,

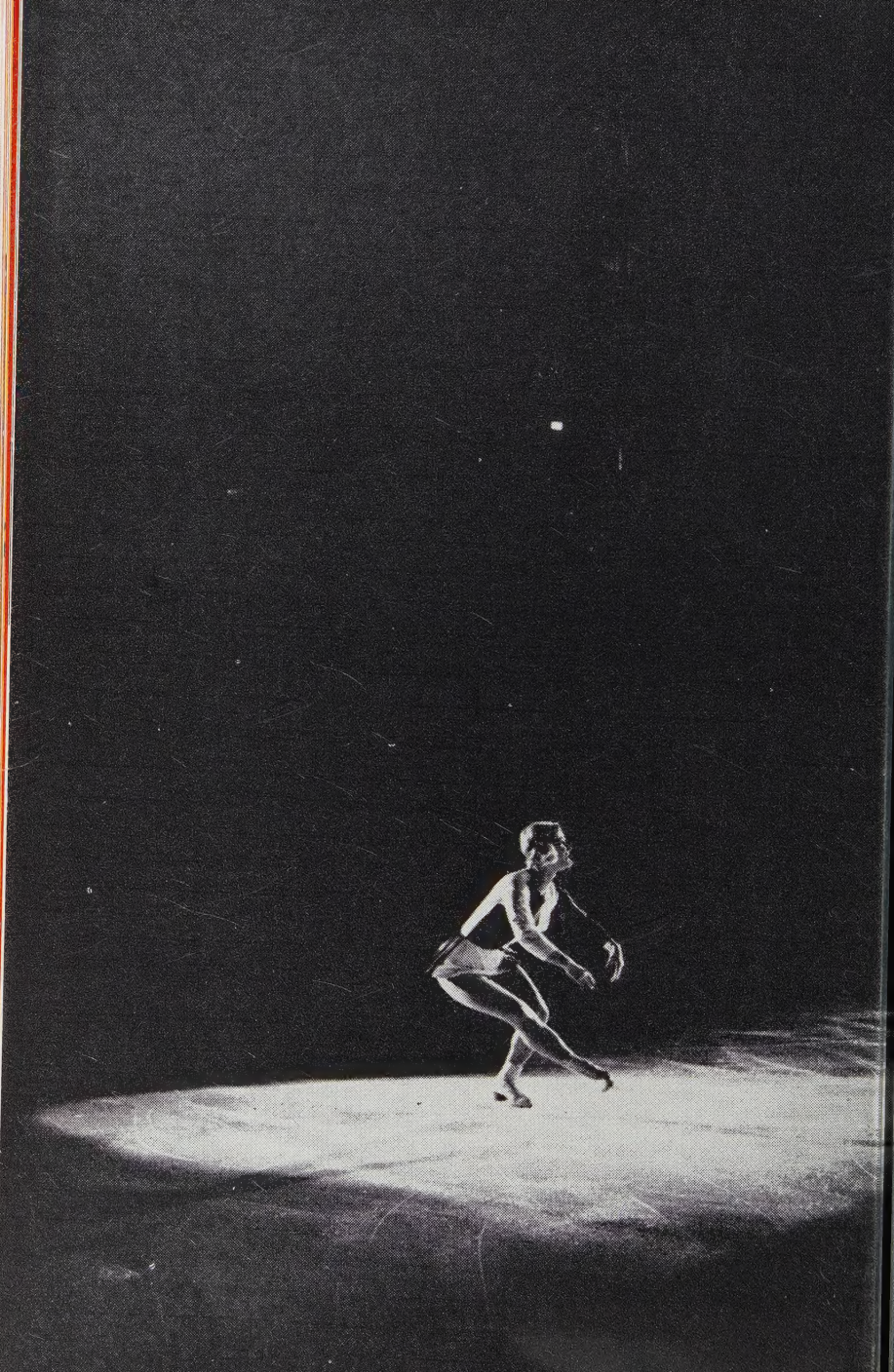


Gabriele signs autograph for young fans after her Philadelphia performance.



(Above) Gabriele poses with U.S. skating champion Timmy Wood. (Below) Gaby and her mother chat with a well-wisher.







Miss Seyfert had an answer: "But Peggy Fleming had a sponsor who gave her financial backing. In my country, this is not needed."

Juvenile delinquency—"There is not so much in my country. They steal sometimes, but they don't kill. It is not a big problem. They have too many books and too many films in America. While I am here I saw on television the cowboys who are always shooting people. The young people will try too. They see it and they say, 'Okay, what's the matter, I can do it too.' I can buy a gun in any shop here. In Colorado it was possible. But in my country this is not possible."

President Kennedy—"The young people at home felt very sorry that he died, because he had something new that was good for this country. Not all that he said was good, but some things were, like equality between Negroes and whites. I find this is very good."

Student rebellions—"Our students are well taken care of and well satisfied. We recently had educational reforms and students are working with the authorities. There are no demonstrations." She said that East German students can air their grievances. "If you see something you would like changed, you can say something to your superiors and if many other people are in favor of the same change, then the

superiors will generally carry out your suggestion.

"Our students don't have to pay for their education and they can take any subjects they want," she added.

Religion—Miss Seyfert said there is no religious oppression in East Germany. "There are Catholics and Protestants. I am a Protestant."

"Do you go to church regularly?" I asked her.

"No, not regularly. I go sometimes."

I noted that young people in other countries seemed to be turning away from formal religion, and I asked if this were so in her country. "Yes. More older people go to church."

East German youth's taste in music and movies—"We get some American films, but maybe twenty years later. I saw 'My Fair Lady.' We like rock 'n roll and the popular songs. We get some records by the Beatles. We get music from other countries earlier than we get their movies."

Miss Seyfert said she has her favorite American movie stars: like Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer and Rex Harrison and Tom Curtis and Barbra Streisand. Barbra Streisand doesn't look so good but she sounds good."

American movie stars don't intrigue Miss Seyfert half as much. America's newest phenomenon

girl jockies. While in this country, she read with interest of the progress of the Barbara Jo Rubins and the Tuesdee Testas. "If I weren't a skater, I'd like to be a girl jockey," she said. "But, if I were a little child again and had to choose over, I'd want to be a skater."

And, to be a champion skater, she said, took "diligence, hard work, and the organization of my whole life around skating."

She admitted that she is a little nervous when she skates in competition. "But this is good," she said. "I think I skate better when I'm a little nervous. When you are skating in exhibition there is the temptation to say to yourself, 'so what?'"

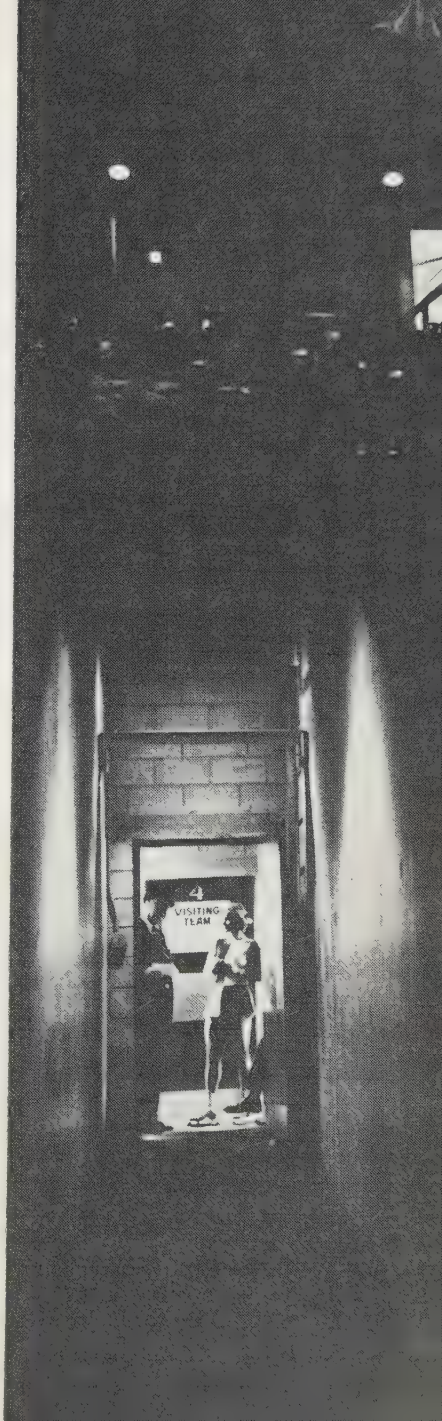
Before our interview came to a close, I asked Miss Seyfert whether she thought unification of the two Germany's was ever possible and whether East German youth desire this. "I don't think unification will ever happen," she said solemnly. "The systems are too different."

"What of the Berlin Wall?" I asked. "What does it look like from East Germany?"

"I have seen it from both sides," she said. "And it looks the same from both sides. It doesn't look very good."



WANCY BURDEN/Miss Burden is a reporter for the Philadelphia **Bulletin**. In addition she does free-lance writing and reporting and has written several articles for **YOUTH** magazine.

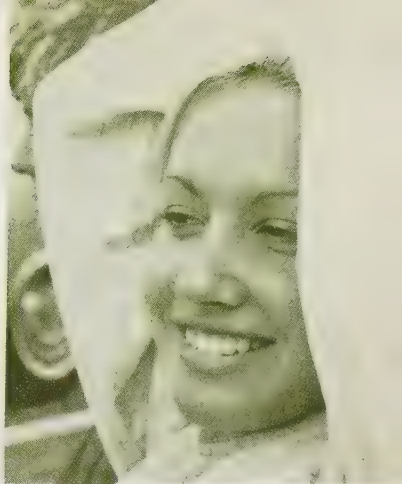


**WILL I BE ME?
TOTALLY ME...
NO COMPROMISE
JUST ME.**

Edward Thomas
Milwaukee, Wis./I



"What question would you like most to ask other young people?" was the way we queried our contact group of high school youth. Their response was interesting and varied—and we sent out another questionnaire asking their questions. Here are some of the answers we've received in response to the question posed by Cindy Peck of Los Alamos, N. M.:



WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST CONCERN ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL LIFE TODAY?

What will become of it—the world situation, my generation's problems, my family, my boyfriend—what becomes of his life?

—Ellie Smith, Bay Shore, N.Y./18

Whether I'm honestly being truthful to myself, as a separate individual, thrown into all types of situations.

—Kathy Condon, Westminster, Md./17½

Being faced with responsibilities I feel I'm too immature to accept.

—Pam Littmer, Settersburg, Ind./17

Tomorrow. What is going to happen to me, my friends, the U. S., the World? Unfortunately, it scares me to death.

—Janet Todd, Portland, Ore./17

The "new morality" I think affects all teenagers today. Its advertising, temptations, and problems hit all of us—no matter how happy your home life or church life are. Decisions and opinions in this area are very difficult—for myself and about friends.

—Joy Clingman
Jacksonville, Fla./18

Church. My faith is in a state of turmoil; I am asking answers to vital questions.

—Steve Eberhard,
New Braunfels, Tex./16

Simply living life to its fullest!

—Don Westervell,
Los Alamos, N.M./15

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST CONCERN ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL LIFE TODAY?

I worry very often about growing old without once really knowing what life is.

—Debbie Schmidt, Polo, Ill./16

How I rate.

—Bonnie Giese, Milwaukee, Wis./16

People. I want to feel needed by others and I want to make others feel needed also.

—Claudia Lybrook, Kokomo, Ind./16

Learning to become an individual and standing up for what I believe.

—Mary Gardner, Goshen, Ind./17

Searching to find my true personality and establishing myself as a "person" not an empty shell.

—Fred Francis, Springfield, Mo./16

Other people and their problems. I see a need for the development of a concern for the problems of the world among people. I also have concerns about school and my friends.

—Terry Saylor, Dayton, Ohio/17

Having true friends. It is too easy to find a person who doesn't want to get involved when you need involvement most.

—Paula Schloneger, Plymouth, Ind./17



Love man, I hate getting hung up on someone—yet I love its intimacies.

—Diane Barrow, Madison, Wis./16

My boyfriend, because I come from a Christian home whereas he doesn't. I try to show him what's right and have him attend church. He goes to church with me now on Sunday nights.

—Onda Supinger,
Greenville, Ohio/18

Grades, food, and sex (not in that order).

—Martha Nace, Louise Merriam
and Becky Rounds, E. Northfield,
Mass./17, 18, 16

How can I mean the most to the people around me?

—Judy Myers, Elgin, Ill./16

School and passing final exams; finding a peaceful end to the war and bringing everyone home.

—Carolyn Davis, Stoneham, Mass./15½

How my religion, my future, and my love for special people in my life can relate and fall into place.

—Debra Krikorian, Los Alamos, N.M./18

Church. Our church is not as relevant and active as it should be. If I call myself a Christian, I feel I need to join others in an attempt to improve it.

—Maria Brown, Atlanta, Ga./15

I am afraid that the younger generation is going to fall into the ruts that they are now so against when they become the "establishment."

—Guy Hargrove, Los Alamos, N.M./18

The general well-being of the world, and having a non-materialistic stand or view-point on life.

—Jeffrey Simmons, Decatur, Ga./15

Growing up to be a Christian person.

—Susan Grow, Mobridge, S.D./15

I think a lot about myself and how I can help to create what I want for the world. How do I leave a mark and what do I want to do in the future? I have a whole life before me, and using it to its fullest worthwhile extent seems pretty important.

—Vicki Hayes, Defiance, Ohio/16

What I can do to make man count and not have his own life be meaningless.

—Chris Schnepf,
Wauwatessa, Wis./15

Revolution against social ills.

—Jim Amelang,
Louisville, Ky./16

War, college, poverty, foreign policy, racism, the right wing, etc., etc.

—Michael Langston,
Granada Hills, Cal./17

I have become alienated from society in a Katharsis sense, from the whole structure of society to my very close friends and family.

—Tom DeCoursey,
McPherson, Kan./18



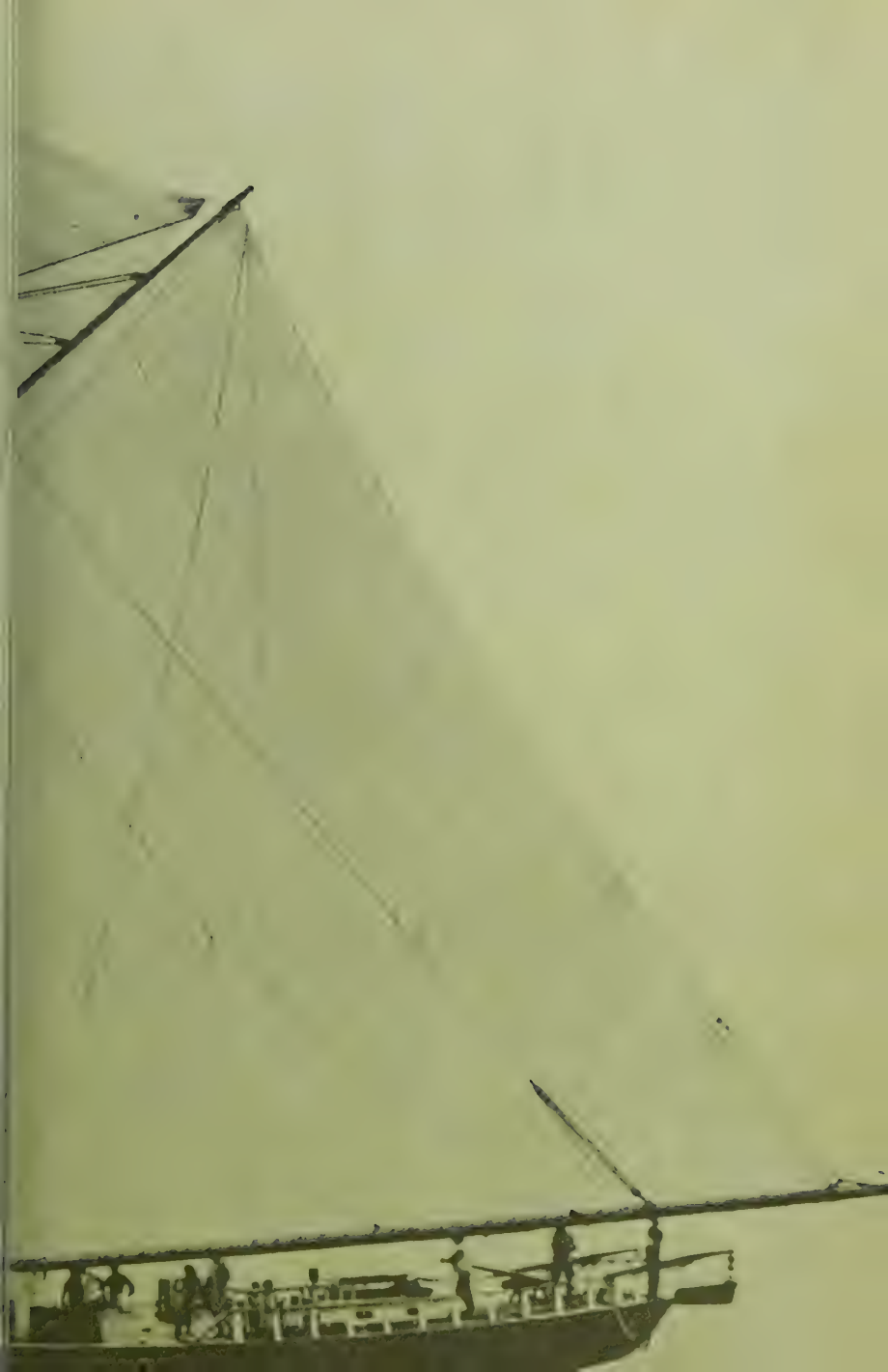
MY DIRTY STREAM

BY PETE SEEGER


Sailing down my dirty stream,
Still I love it, and I'll keep my dream,
That some day, though maybe not this year,
My Hudson River will once again run clear.
It starts in the mountains of the North,
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth,
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come.



Photos by Ashley James







At Glen Falls, five thousand honest hands
Work at the Consolidated Paper Plant,
Five million gallons of waste a day
Why should we do it any other way?
Down the valley one million toilet chains
Find my Hudson so convenient place to drain,
And each little city says, "Who, me?
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"

In the great ocean they say the water's clear,
But I live right at Beacon here
Half way between the mountains and sea,
Tacking to and fro this thought returns to me,
Sailing up my dirty stream,
Still I love it and I'll dream
That someday, though maybe not this year,
Yes, my Hudson and my country will run clear.



"We dream . . . of a clear, unpolluted Hudson . . ."

BY ASHLEY JAMES / Folksinger Pete Seeger and 100 friends had a dream back in 1966. "We dream," they said, "of a clear, unpolluted Hudson; of rebuilt wharves and revitalized river towns; of the huge white mainsail of a Hudson River sloop slipping past the bluffs as they did a century ago."

Why such a dream?

Our rivers, lakes, and streams are dying: For the past few years magazine articles, newspaper stories, and TV special reports have analyzed and catalogued the extent of pollution we are turning loose upon ourselves in the air and in our waterways. But . . . very few people seem to have been listening.

The Hudson River—and what we have done to it—is a prime example. Once the river was clear and majestic—its rolling waters provided recreation and fishing; its wooded shores invited men to build their homes on its banks; and it provided, via the river sloops, the best means of transportation for people and freight between New York's capitol at Albany and the port of New York City.

But, then came progress (or was it??) in the form of the railroad, better roads, and automobiles to travel them. The river sloops were no longer the best or fastest way to move goods and people. Progress also meant heavy industry, new chemicals, centralized sewerage systems. Soon, the mighty Hudson was also changed in the process. It had become a place to dump things—everything from old tires to the now mass-collected sewerage. The river seems dead—the towns and villages along its banks are dying.

That's how it's been for a number of years now, not only with the Hudson but with most of our lakes and rivers (one begins to wonder when the process will affect our oceans).

But Pete Seeger and his friends are not letting us forget the Hudson.

On May 18, 1969, Seeger and the by then 2000-plus members of the "Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc." saw their dream of 1966 at least partially fulfilled. The good ship *Clearwater* was launched on that date, thus beginning a project that may never end: the cleaning-up of the Hudson River.

Back in 1966 when that first group of interested citizens from the Hudson River Valley area got together, they sought to find some way to share their dream of an unpolluted Hudson with the rest of the "river community." That community, they found, includes all types of people from all cultures. It includes bustling metropolitan areas, like New York City, and small villages, such as Pete Seeger's own town of Beacon, N. Y.

"The problem we had," Seeger explained, "was to get to all the people of the river. We felt that if we reached them, we could do this job together."

"We believe we're fighting another kind of pollution also," he went on.

"that of people who've stopped trying to learn of their neighbors. We want to stop the pollution of minds."

The idea was noble, but, some felt, idealistic. Many early supporters believed the situation in the Hudson to be too drastic to be challenged by mere men. Government agencies, they knew, have had only token success at fighting pollution, and the hope of reaching the average citizen on a large scale seemed small. However, later that year, the Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc., a non-profit corporation, was formed, determined to carry out the dream.

The organization's idea was to use an exact replica of a 19th century Hudson River sloop as a vehicle through which the idea would be spread. The *Clearwater* was to be a symbol of a period when rivers were clean, their natural beauty not yet marred by industrial wastes. She was envisioned as a floating museum, of sorts, that would carry original cargo and exhibits. More important, the *Clearwater* would serve as a meeting place for the river people. She would bring together black and white, rich and poor, youngsters and oldsters . . . those who have been polarized by unfamiliarity.

"This is the reason I joined the ship," said the Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, member of the Hudson River Sloop Singers. The "Sloop Singers" are comprised of many of the country's best folk artists, including Len Chandler, "Ramblin'" Jack Elliott, Lou Killen, and of course, Pete Seeger.

It was largely because of these professional entertainers that the sloop cost—more than \$180,000—was paid. For three years they gave benefit concerts for the project, and have volunteered their services for more.

"Kirk," as he is known to his friends, went on to say that he had been attracted to the *Clearwater* because of the "mass of people meeting together and discussing problems. Pete told me of the thousands of people who would meet. Blacks would come from their communities with ideas, and whites would come from theirs. Hopefully, we'll all meet to discuss our problems and maybe—just maybe—a spirit of cooperation will be ignited.

"You know," added the former associate of Dr. Martin Luther King, "if we don't start a clean-up of our polluted society, there won't be anybody left to enjoy the river, or the *Clearwater*."

The keel for the *Clearwater* was laid last fall at the Gamage Ship Yard in South Bristol, Maine. She was launched on May 17, 1969, and began her maiden voyage, enroute to New York City, with all the elements of success and optimism, despite her inexperienced crew and the unexpected rough trials she would meet at sea. The Sloop Singers quickly learned the art of sailing from the experienced members of the crew. Those crew members included first mate Gordon Bok, second mate Phil Stevens, Peter Lovell, and Fred and Barbara Starner. "Captain and Master" of the vessel is Alan Aunapu, a veteran of 14 years of sailing experience.

During this first voyage, 25 fund-raising concerts were given along the New England coast. For example, the sloop spent five days and gave twelve concerts in Connecticut.

Visitors to the Mystic Seaport Museum at Mystic, Conn., were greeted with traditional sea chanties as they boarded the *Clearwater* during her stay there. The sloop seemed very much at home, as she joined such famous ships as the *Charles W. Morgan*, last of the sailing whalers, and the Gloucester fishing schooner *L. A. Dunton*, at their permanent berths at the Mystic dock.

This setting was perfect for an informal "onboard" concert, and many times during her stay, the *Clearwater's* singing crew would strike up some nautical song, to the amusement and delight of passers-by. "You'd think they would be tired of singing and talking to people," said Mrs. Walter Chatham of Wallingford, Conn., "but they continue on and on and are so friendly. I thought this was the first place they've been to, but I understand that this is their 13th or 14th stop."

The reaction of other spectators was usually the same: Astonishment at the 106-foot main mast and the 2910-square-foot mainsail. As in other ports, the *Clearwater* sailed into Mystic, a feat almost unheard of in this day of motor-powered boats. People were also excited by the crew—their singing and their enthusiasm. Those attending the out-door Mystic concert were fortunate both because of the atmosphere created by the outdoor setting near the shore, and by the fact that this was a free concert.

At her second Connecticut stop, Westport, the *Clearwater* had throngs of people board her. The crew responded courteously, but their enthusiasm, noted by the Mystic audience, had diminished. This was due largely to the rough passage they had experienced between those two ports as they sailed through a storm while journeying to Port Jefferson, Long Island. Moreover, there was a rushed schedule behind them which had forced the *Clearwater* to leave for Westport within three hours of their record-breaking concert at Stoney Brooke College.

But, a "standing room only" audience awaited the Hudson River Sloop Singers at Westport's Staples High School. And so, the Singers responded. This concert differed from the others along the route in that children sat on the stage, sang, clapped, and danced through the entire performance.

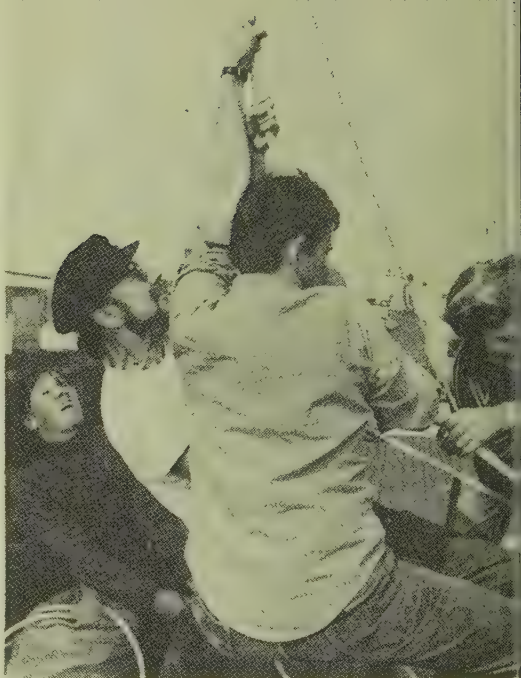
The highlight of the evening, in fact, involved the children. Pete, another sloop singer named Andy Wallace, and the children all took part in a play-party-skit-song in which a handkerchief, a little imagination, and a lot of frolicking were used.

Westport was the last stop before the *Clearwater* reached her home port of New York. The journey between Connecticut and City Island, N. Y., was the last bit of clean water the sloop would encounter.

From a handful of neighbors around Beacon, N. Y., the Sloop Restoration now has members in nearly every town in the Hudson River Valley and in other towns and cities across our country.

The *Clearwater* is now in her home waters, the Hudson River. She will be active until this winter, visiting the river towns, and bringing to millions the ideals and hopes that inspired her creation. ►

Sailing and singing have been combined by the crew of the *Clearwater*. Both are hard work the crew discovered as they sailed the sloop from the boatyard in South Bristol, Me., to New York City, giving 25 concerts enroute along the New England coast.







Remember me?

Pierotti/Ben Roth Agency



"It's unamerican to ask for peace, good schools, decent housing, better jobs and cleaner cities."

Dear Dick

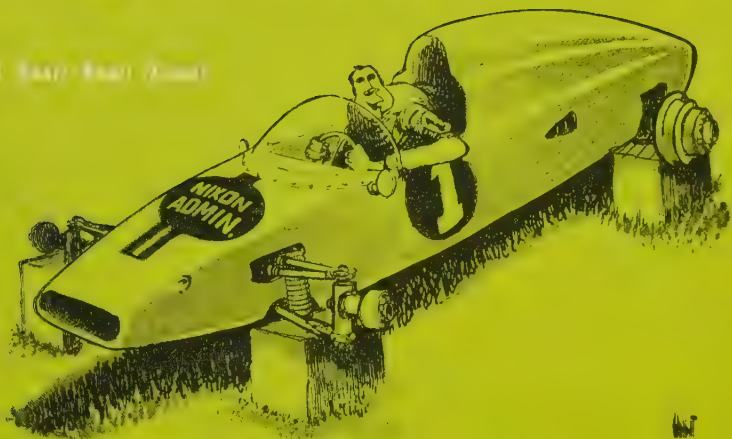


PAT FINN

"If one of our world's best politicians, Thieu, would take our finest hour, Vietnam, and perform our greatest feat, go to the moon, what a great thing that would be!"

the honeymoon is over...

Exhibit 3A(1) (Exhibit 3A(2))



Wright, M. (New York Times)



Mauldin/Chicago Sun-Times

Stand-up Guy



Engelhardt/Sy. Jones Post Dispatch

"We'd still like to get you into an integrated kindergarten, but it can't be done overnight!"

500

yards.

**THOU
SHALT
NOT
KILL**

for moses revisited

"Moses Revisited" is one scene from a youth production written and presented by a group of youth and adults of Massachusetts for last summer's General Synod of the United Church of Christ. The actual production was a multi-media show which included songs, skits, and slides. Herb Yeager, Associate Minister of the United Church of Christ in Walpole, Mass., director of the production, explained it this way: "It was our hope to lift up the world in its need, lift up the church in its irrelevancy, but show a way for the church to become truly the Body of Christ. It was a production of hope in the future and confidence that the church does have and can use the Way to, make love dominate, peace prevail in the lives of men and the life of the world."

(The scene is the summit of Mt. Sinai. Moses comes down center aisle yelling "Yoho, Lord, Hey, Lord" and white lights of level 3 come up. When the Lord first is heard, red lights come on.)

MOSES: Yoho, Oh Yoho. Lord, Are you there?

(clap of thunder)

Guess you are. Wait a minute, Lord, just one small favor, no burning bush bit this time, please. You singed my best Sunday clothes last time so badly I had to give them to Goodwill.

VOICE: Sorry about that.

MOSES: Now, Lord, I know you are very busy and all that, and I hate to keep bothering you like this, but I'm afraid you just have to do some revisions here in the original copy.

VOICE: Not another one! What now, Moses?

MOSES: Well, Lord, the problem now seems to be here where you say "Thou shalt not kill."

VOICE: Now, Moses, that is perfectly clear and concise.

MOSES: Well, it may be to you, Lord, but it doesn't seem to be down here. For instance, it's causing an awful hagggle between theologians. The Roman Catholics say you meant it to apply to the spermatozoa and ova, the conservatives say you meant only after the union of the two, the moderates say you meant embryos 20 weeks old and up, and the liberals insist you meant precisely from the moment of birth.

VOICE: Wait a minute, Moses; why would anyone want to kill an unborn child? ▶

MOSES: Well, we have to be practical, Lord. It might not be wanted, or it might be the product, of, how shall we say it, a delicate situation, or, of course, it might be deformed.

VOICE: In that case, why don't they wait to see if it is or not before they kill it?

MOSES: Oh, no sir, everyone, theologians and, well just everyone opposes killing children after they are born, unless it is at a distance of more than 500 yards.

VOICE: 500 yards???

MOSES: Oh yes, sir. Everyone absolutely and 100% agrees that in wartime it is a terrible thing to kill a child with a rifle bullet, but it is a horrendous atrocity to do so with a bayonet, but everyone recognizes that it is permissible—regrettable, but permissible to blow them up with high explosives as long as they are either dropped from an airplane or fired from an artillery piece. Christians feel it is awful, but it is better for them if by doing so you can save them from Godless Communism.

VOICE: I must admit Moses, I suppose it does do that.

MOSES: Of course, though, once a male child reaches the age of 18 he can be killed in virtually almost any manner on the battlefield, except with poison gas, which everyone insists is the most horrible crime going. There is even an agreement among nations that poison gas will not be used, except, of course, by States.

VOICE: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Moses, have I been working you too hard? You're losing your grasp. You're not making any sense.

MOSES: Oh yes I am, Lord, for you see you can use poison gas in State-operated gas chambers, because it is the most humane way to kill people.

VOICE: The most humane way to . . . !!!! Oh, never mind. Is that all, Moses?

MOSES: Basically yes, except for killing on the highway through speeding which just about everyone does, and killing because of jealousy or revenge which is often accepted and excused, and letting people starve in some sections of the country and world, and killing people through air pollution and slums and ghettos and the like, but I think we better leave those until another time, Lord, and just get these worked out now.

VOICE: Moses, I don't know, I don't know. I thought I had been very clear, but what have people done to my Will? I just don't know what to do.

MOSES: Well, first, Lord, if I may offer some suggestions, I would take a five mile stretch of the Massachusetts Turnpike and . . .

VOICE: A five mile stretch of the Massachusetts Turnpike? Whatever for?

MOSES: Well, Lord, you certainly don't think you are going to get all this on stone tablets this time, do you? Now, I've done up a rough draft here which I think might be effective as a compromise so no one will have to change their way of thinking. It begins: Thou shalt not kill any person between the ages of minus four months (see appendix 4, sub-title C, section 2) and 18 years (see appendix 5, sub-title F for exceptions) at a distance of less than 500 yards (see footnote under Article 2, line 6) and any of the following . . .

VOICE: Never mind, Moses. I get the picture and I think I have a better idea. Gabriel, come over here and blow your trumpet—let's see, first there was water, this time it should be fire!!! (long clap of thunder)



THOU

SOMEDAY ... MY HUDSON AND MY COUNTRY WILL RUN FREE

